We Struggle but we Never give in

April 20th 1991

In the midst of emotion upheval
I turn to God, Allah, Jah
I confront my emotions head
on Hard, heavy and strong
Taking things from existence to aid
me in my confrontation.
My love for my family, ~~a~~
listening and objective ear from my dearest
friends
Compassion, concern, determination
This is a battle that shall be a victory
for all black men

Sea of Tears

MAY 23 95

I'd sat there
Gazing into a vast nothingness
I crossed the living sands
standing @ the shore of the sea of tears
Its bloody waters crashed against the
shore as I bathed liberally in its foam
Understanding and confusion walked out
to play atop the lofty waves
Fear and joy held hands while contemplating
my fate
Bathed in the spiritual fluid of my brother
my soul cries out in relief
Tears escape him
We know that we will never be free
Love in its most primitive state sustains us
Held captive by emotions / situations / and fate
We collide in waves of ecstacy in a
place that only exist in our minds

On this battlefield many a victory have I won

And I basked joyously in their embarrassment

On this battlefield many an emotion have I pulled from my opponent's throat

Making them wish they'd never initiated battle with a hound such as I

They dare to ask me why, why am I such as I am

But the answer is on their lips, yet they pretend not to know

Here on this battlefield is the most desolate place I know

The rules, there are none; you take each step by ear, feeding on your opponets fear

This place I do so hate, its a part of me true, best forgot it is - for once the battle begins it turns into an even deadlier game that engulfes the dark side of my soul

Turn thee, turn thee who judged me fore
they knew me

When judged and treated as such one acts
accordingly

On this battlefield many a scar and wound
have I collected

The pain they living is constant, the tears
I cry, never ending.

Turn the, turn the wife judged me for
stop hurry me

When judged and treated as pride one not
acceptingly

In this frittelighted many a pen and women
have of collected

Asphion they strong is constant, the tears
of not, never nothing.

HEAVY BREATHING / THE TOMB OF SORROW

M At the end of heavy breathing,
very little of my focus intentional;
I cross against the light of MECCA.
Gunshots ring out above our heads
as we sit beneath your favorite tree,
in this park called MERIDIAN HILL,
called Malcolm X, that you call the "TOMB of SORROW"
D In the cool air lingering after the rain
the men return to the wailing wall
to throw laughter and odd glances
into the fountain below
T or they scream out
for a stud by any name
their beautiful asses
rimmed by the moon
D Yes I possess a mouth such as hers:
red, petulant, brutally pouting;
or at times insatiable —
the vampire in the garden, demented
ALL by the blood of a succulent cork.
I prowl in scant sheaths of latex.
I harbor no shame.
I solicit no pity.
M I celebrate my natural tendencies,
D photosynthesis, erotic customs.
I allow myself to dream of roses
though I know
the bloody war continues

I am only sure of this:
T I continue to awaken
shell-shocked, wondering
where I come from
beyond mothers womb,
fathers sperm.
My past may be lost
beyond the Carolinas.
North and South
I may not recognize
the authenticity
of my negritude,
so slowly I awaken.
M These are meaningless kisses
(aren't they?)
that we pass back and forth
like poppers and crack pipes.
and for a fleeting moment
in a flash of heat and consent,
we release our souls
to hover above our bodies;
we believe our shuddering orgasms
are transcendental;
our loneliness manifest itself
as sex and we cannot take
or give.
D Do you think I could walk pleasantly
and well-suited toward annihilation?
With a scrotal sack full
of primordial loneliness
swinging between my legs
like solid balls?

(3)

D At the end of heavy breathing
the funerals of my brothers
force me to wear
their scratchy black suit.
I should be naked,
peeling their graves.
When I die
honey child,
my angels
will be tall.
Black drag queens.
T I will eat their stockings
as they fling them
into the blue
shadows of dawn.
I will suck
their purple lips
to anoint my mouth
for the utterance of prayer
kneeling over a fucking toilet,
splattering my insides
in a stinking, shit stained bowl.
M I reduce loneliness to cheap green rum,
spicy chicken, glittering vomit
Everything different &
test my faith
D I have stood in places
where the absence of light
allowed me to live longer,
while at the same time
it rendered me blind

T When I die,
my angels,
immaculate
Black diva
drag queens
all of them
sequined
and seductive
some of them
will come back
to haunt you,
I promise,
honey child.
M Among the strangest gifts
I receive from you
(and I returned them all)
a chest of dark, ancient wood,
inside: red velvet cushions,
coins, paper money
from around the world.
A red book of hand-drawn runes,
a kufi, prayer beads,
a broken timepiece —
the stench of dry manure
D In an oversized
well-hung
Black Queen
influenced
by phrases like
the repetition
of beauty

(5)

D a silver horse head
to hold my chain of keys,
a Christian sword,
black candles,
T. black dolls
with big dicks
and blue dreads
that you nailed
above my bed to ensure fidelity.
M I'm an oversexed
well-hung
Black Queen
influenced
by phrases like
"I am the Love that dare not
speak its name."
D A beer bottle filled
with hand-drawn maps,
a specificity —
ALL a description of your life,
beliefs, present work,
weight and height;
ALL declarations of Love
T which I accepted
overlooking how I disguised
my real motivation —
a desire to keep
some dick at home
and love it as best I can.
I'm an oversexed / well hung
Black Queen
influenced / by phrases like
" Silence = Death."

(6)

D I was on duty to your madness
like a night nurse
in a cancer ward.
We buy time here
so we can fuck each other.
M I was your man lover,
gambling dangerously
with my soul.
I was determined to love you
but you were haunted
by VIETNAM,
ALL tainted by demons
and the dreams you suffer
may be my only revenge.
Every one hasn't gone to the moon
Some of us are still here,
breathing heavy,
navigating this deadly
astral turbulence;
perhaps we are
the unlucky ones.
T When you swore you loved me
and claimed to be sent here
to protect me,
I should have put bullets
in my temple
or flaming swords
up my ass
Occasionally I long
to fuck a dead man
I never slept with.

(7)

M Feeling my usual
sexual irritation,
I came here then,
seeking only pleasure,
dressed for the easy seduction
M/T Our beautiful nipple lips and limbs
stirred no desire in you.
T Instead you chose blonde,
milk-toned creatures to bed.
M/T But you were still one of us,
dark like us, despised like us.
D I came to the Tomb of Sorrow
seeking penetration and Black seed
My self-inflicted injuries occured
When I began loving you
and trusting you.
Occasionally I long
to fuck a dead man
I never slept with.
T Where's my needle?
Fetch my thread.
M I'm going to sew
a Prince to my bed
Wanting to raise him up alive,
wanting my fallen seed
to produce him full-grown
and breathing heavy
ALL Stitch by stitch
I'll shuttle my thread
in and out
and around his head

(8)

M Waiting him upon me,
alive and aggressive
over his fingers,
down to his toes,
up his crotch,
through his nose
I open my eyes, regret
I returned without my companion
Be he live
or be he dead
I'll sew his heart
to my bed
T who moments ago held my nipple
bitten between his teeth
ALL Stitch by stitch
I shuttle my thread
in and out
and around his head
D As I thrust about
on the mercy of his hand
whispering in tongues.
Through some other
pair of eyes
T I have to see you,
homeboy,
D fantasy Charmer,
object of my desire
my scorn, abuser of my affection,
T- curse, beauty, -M
tough / soft young men - D
M masked men, cussing men
sweet swaggering
buffalo soldiers

M At the end of heavy breathing
who will be responsible
for the destruction of human love?
D Through some other
pit of eyes
I must recognize
our positions
are often equal.
T Who are the heartless
sons of bitches
sucking blood from dreams
as they are born?
M We are worth more
to each other
than twenty dollars,
D bags of crack,
M/T bullets piercing our skulls.
D Who has the guts!
to come forward
and testify?
M I can't hope to help
save us from destruction
by using my bed
as a pagan temple,
a false safe house.
D Who will save
our sweet world
T There are other ways
to cross the nights,
M tie form lasting bonds;
there are other desires
as consuming as flesh.
D There are ways to respect our beauty

At the end breathing
as the pickaninny frenzy escalates,
the home crew is illin
on freak drugs
and afflicted racial pride
The toll beyond counting
the shimmering carcasses
all smell the same.
No matter which way
the wind blows
I lose a god
or a friend
My grieving is too common
to arouse the glance of angels.
My shame is too easy to pick up
like a freak from the park
and go
At the end of heavy breathing
I engage in arguments
with my ancestral memories
I'm not content
loving my black life
without question.
The answers of Negritude
are not absolute.
The dream of kinship is incomplete
I probe beneath skin surface
D I argue with with my nappy hair my thick lips so difficult
to assimilate
Up and down the block we battle,
cussing, kicking, screaming
threatning kill
with our bare hands

Would You like to Fuk me?

~~That~~ very first ~~thing~~ thought ~~that~~ catapulted through my mind the very time I laid eyes on you

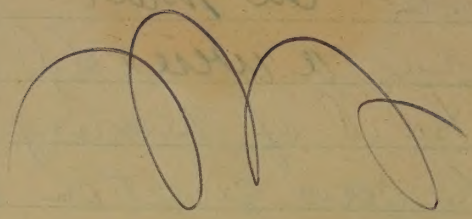
I ~~smile~~ while watching your ~~[illegible]~~ long

After you got over the initial shock

I'd rather make

5/02/88

And so the man said unto me "I am a wise old man, but I am also hard of hearing." "You have but to ask your question again loudly and come closer - and answer it I shall"
Leaning forward, I placed my lips as close as I could to the old mans ear. I spoke stern and clear without yelling so as not to confuse the old man, and asked my question.
"Why is it, when man is faced with honesty and Love he shuts doors and uses"
"But in the face of decipt and ~~licery~~ trechery he turns his back and laughs"
The old mans eyes grew deep and his face filled with a look that could only be compared with that of a baby looking at the world in amazement having opened its eyes for the first time.
And then he said unto me -
"My dearly beloved child!" "Why do you ask those things that your heart already knows."



This poem was created in response to the emotions one young man made me deal with. I was initially attracted to his bright (bright smile, dark flowing ebony skin), and his spirit and desire to know self constantly kept my attention.

The direction the relationship has taken is very satisfying for me. My attraction for this young man is stronger than ever. And welcome these feelings of desire, without physical contact. This company has been enough through the years and his conversation has been the reward!

God Love
God Hold and
God keep you
forever in
embrace.

Carl

TIM

MAY 13 94

So much to try and swallow
in such a short time

Thrust into reality, lead into a
rift in time no-time to prepare a speech

Give up, Give in, Let what lead
you here heal you, guide you
~~through this hell to the light on the~~
~~otherside~~

Close not an eye, open the heart and
mind, let the pain ease into your arm,
greet it with silence, let it work through
you ~~and~~ slowly, be still, ~~concentrate~~ salutate
it with respect for all it has brought you.

"So little to fight for" you say
in a word colours to individual need

)Licked into a struggle with your
own worst enemy - Dont doubt
you ~~[illegible]~~ stay patient, know your
place, give ~~[illegible]~~ the praise - (he loves you in condition

And most important be Strong.

Love Carl

(Lrac) Two Faces

Why have you come to claim my soul
this way
Loving me totally without limitations.
Maddening me through your character
letting the moon do the rest
Standing there under its full glory
So bright and mysterious, reflecting the
lights of heaven
Black flesh and silver dust do a dance
that takes the mind and captures the
heart.
The beast is set free, and she howls
like a stray after a kill.
Come away, the air is damp and nature
has set free her soldiers.
The beast is calm now
From yet a few utterings of his breath.
She sleeps now, and he will awaken
in the morn.

May 21, 199

So careful am I - careful in the way
in which I direct questions to you
Handling you with much delicateness -
You bruise so easily, yet detection of
such is so difficult
Other times I lash out @ you with a passion
to be understood
Trying desperately to shock you into under-
standing - apologizing for being so blunt
These are all things you can comprehend
Yet you would skirt over them if I allowed
you to
Shutting yourself off from as much tentation
as possible
Taking every precaution to become a greater
temptation than most you encounter
Tall, etched body of Ebony, a smile
with enough contrived innonce to be
fatal
Seeking to find that which you continue
to deny yourself

Jamall
Sanchot (Cinque)

There is a hole in my heart, from the hole
part of me has escaped
part of the desire I have to live
some of my compassion for my fellow man
And it has been replaced by nothing
The hurt that tore that part away from me has
left me with a empty hole in my heart
I feel so bad, like I may never be the same
I would have rather have taken an ass kickin
than feel like this
I'm so damn cold; so very cold
Where do I go from here
Which way do I turn
What's my next move

There is a hole in my heart from the hell
part of me has escaped
part of the desire I have to live
parts of me are somewhere far and below mere
And it has been replaced by nothing
The hurt that has that part carved from me has
left me with a empty hole in my heart
I feel as hard, like I must have turned to the stone
I would have rather have taken on the pain
than feel like this
It's so damn weak; be very cold
Where the at peoples has
My hair used to turn
Was not very neat more

I Remember (The Evidence of Things Not Seen)

I remember the signing of the constitution

I remember the first time the liberty bell rang

I remember the emancipation proclamation the setting free of the slaves

I remember the promise of 40 acres and a mule

I remember affirmative action

I remember the first stages of welfare, the Johnson administration

I remember the assination of Medgar, Martin and Malcolm

I remember the little girls killed in the Church bombings in Birmingham

I remember thousands of Black men hanging from trees in the ~~Mississippi~~

I remember the Tuskeegee experiment / The ATL Chid murders the bombing of move, the Stealing of this LAND - I remember

written 6/24/87
rewritten 12/8/87

Hello, Welcome to the Real World

Unable to cope in a world without restrictions
Struggling to find some peace in that thing you call a mind

You're the King who lives secretly as the queen

The king who is brave & bold, and surely a woman's man
But actually to your queen you're a man's woman.

I Like to be a third ear
Listening to peoples thought

MAY 21 91

I'm really into knowing peoples buisness
I need to know what they feel
I neet to know why they feel
I need to know how having those feelings
and knowing why, make them feel
One cannot always say yes or agree
with anything or everything I say
Those feelings have or will be part
of who I am
At some point in time they will comfort
me

Smoke trickles upward and disperses into nothingness
Sitting, searching, trying to find a means a way to that place
Concentration broken, recording time, place in history
The atmosphere created to relax, instead calls forth the sexual psyche
Such a different persona, much like a beast she is - a hound

5-11-89

Tears are the immortal offerings of gods
They are the comforters accompanying pain
Tears are a humbling instrument to the pheasants
They are the pain of things felt, not told

7-05-88

7-05-88

April 95

So I did what was logical
I sat back and chilled
I let the music play
I let the incense burn
I hit the [joint] roach and sharpened
my pencil
I kicked way back and let it flow
I let it flow from within to the paper
I was just doing what was logical
I let the ideas, the concepts, the words slip
from me to be reborn.

5393
874-5488
503-4645

IN Clear View of MY MINDS EYE

What

In order to answers questions
Questions that constantly clouded the clear
view of my minds eye
Refuge had to be sought
The decision to go there was swift
deliberation would have been fatal
I arrived there hungry, thirsty for just a
taste a sip of knowledge
There I found not a answer, nor more question
In this place I found shelves of stored wealth
The presence of such power wrapped me in a light
Encircling me totally with an eerie calm
There were no distractions here, man or woman
Spirit was present comforting and reassuring me
that I am still whole.

Eric Dorsey

Untitled

In You I see a world anew, a place that has been nothing more than a dream.

From nowhere, you came, leaving me breathless and filled with the desire to know all that you are.

So again I expose my heart, release my soul

They are as I am yours for the asking

9-06-89

BIK men ⅔ suicide = having sex with someone you know has the virus & not protected

SEPT 7 94

Secretly we have a passion for destruction
Our arms open wide to welcome death
Our hearts quietly greet suffering longingly
It is as if we have'nt the knowledge or memory
of a higher level of existence
Choosing instead to slowly poision ourselves
Poision these very minds our ancestors fought
to keep the white man from shackling
Poision these very bodies that made us so valuable
Strong and stout, lean and enduring
1/23/94 Secretly we have a passion for destruction
Our legs open wide to receive deaths offerings
Our minds take us to [illegible]

WILD IS The WIND

Oct 23, 94

There is absolutely nothing like bathing in waves of sorrow
Lying awake as the water of the emotion wash over the body
Cleansing your face in tears, tears that flow gentle down your cheeks and make spotches on your thighs
The clump that forms in the back of your throat as feeling remembering intensifies to the point of pain
Swallowing hard and slow, the clump disappears into nothingness

POEM Structure

MAY 95

In the darkness, you deal with negativity,
Chaos
~~The~~ darkness is always easiest to
embrace
In the light you can't scamper away
when recognized
There aren't any shawdows to hide
in
In the light you must think about your
actions
Live with the consequences, face
responsibilites

MAY 11 89
politics

Spirtual RIDING ACROSS THE SKY

Darkness ~~surrounds~~ surrounds me, like a million hands of those who wish me harm.

Solitude and prayer are my only means of escape.

No air, can't see, no sounds being heard, drowning in a stagnant pool of reality.

Forever dreaming ~~to try and~~ trying to chase away these tormented souls bechoning me ~~to~~ their aid.

The voices, they call out to me so loudly, @ the oddest times.

Please!, I am not ~~the~~ one for such a task, ask another.

They do not hear me, or ~~they do~~ do they? - and don't oblige me.

A trillion fingers ~~forced~~ thrust down my throat, speak for those before an yet to come.

POETICS

8/24/93

I'm trying so hard to Love me

Running as fast as I can, looking
around every corner, making sure
no stones are left unturned
I'm trying so hard to Love me
listening to stories from those I wouldn't
otherwise notice, engageing in any
stupid encounter hinged on the out of
the ordinary and not an everyday occurence
I'm trying so hard to Love me
Making countless sacrafices to build
confidence, heal a near broken soul
tortured by demons unseen
I'm trying so hard to Love me
Putting your wants and needs before mine
Making excuses for your lack of words,
your self destructive behavior, your lack
of tact - and you see.
I'm trying so hard to Love me

Kim Turing for Board of Trustees

Kim Turing for Board of Trustees

Kim Turing for Board of Trustees

Kim Turing for Board of Trustees

for Bernie

WHEN A MOTHER CRIES

A Child dies
There must be something in a MOTHER
that goes to the grave with her child
Young or Old / Black / Red / Yellow or Brown
Having had the misfortune of seeing
life they've created cease to exist before them

The clothes are hung out to dry in the afternoon
sun and stay there all night
The chicken frying for supper ~~burns~~ hardens in the skillet
~~and~~ the cornbread burns slowly in the OVEN

WHEN A MOTHER CRIES
Sisters hair aint combed and her panties aint clean
Brother goes to school with wax in his ears and
matter in his eyes

When MAMA CRIES
Daddy lies in bed catching glimpses of her in the cold
night air on her knees praying for ~~an~~ understanding
Cold and alone. His prayers ~~are~~ are repeated
silently in the back of his mind - make her strong Lord,

The amen corner is absent one soprano
and a whole lot of spirit
The preachers throat is parched and there's no water
for relief when he reaches underneath the podium

When a MOTHER CRIES
The liner for 1st Sunday communion goes unwashed

The white robes for baptismal are never dried and end up molded and smelly
When A MOTHER CRIES

The body is lowered to rest in the ground
She moans, expelling the pain of loss her dead child brings
Sorrow is released to slowly creep up from the depths of her very soul
Death is a blessing when compared to the sounds of a grief stricken MOTHER

There is no rest for the weary, milk dries in the breast
Things go unsaid and sometimes never get done
When A MOTHER CRIES
I Heard the PAIN / I Felt the grief / I SAW the Loss
When Their MOTHERS CRIED
It gave me strength / pushed me forward
to prepare her for [redacted] DEATHS NEXT SEDUCTION
SOMETHING MOVED Through me
Started me ON my journey

SOMETHING → STARTED ME

FINISH

WHEN MOTHERS CRY

BERNARD DAVIS

Feb 2 95

There must be something in a MOTHER
that goes to the grave with her child
Having had the misfortune of seeing a life they
create, die before them
When I saw my MOTHER cry something
went through me
Gave me the strength to prepare her for the
inevitable

inevitable

A child dies / Young or Old
Black Red Yellow or Brown

She is no rest for the weary, milk dries in the breast
Things go unsaid and sometimes never get done

The body is lowered to rest in the ground
The grave keeps out the sounds of her grief
Death is a blessing when compared to the sound of a
mother crying

She moans stalling the pains of the loss her dead
Child brings
Sorrow is released to silently creep up from the
depths of her very soul

the clothes stay on the line overnight
Chicken burns in the skillet
WHEN A MOTHER CRIES
Sister's hair goes uncombed
Brother goes to school with ~~dirty~~ ears and matter in eye
WHEN MAMA CRIES · bed wax
Daddy lies alone and cold
Listening to her prayers / Silently
repeating his own in the back of his mind

The organ corner is absent one soprano
The preacher's throat is parched and there's no water
for relief when he reaches underneath the podium
WHEN A MOTHER CRIES
The linen for 1st Sunday Communion doesn't get washed
The white robes for baptismal are never dried and end
up ruined
WHEN A MOTHER CRIES

PSYCHOSIS #2: "JUDGE NOT, THAT YE NOT BE JUDGED" (MATTHEW 7:1)

I. HE SITS, TEARS SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE IN THE DESERTED CHURCH, PEERING DOWN AT THE NEARLY NAKED BODY OF JESUS. ASHAMED BECAUSE HE IS AROUSED BY THE BODY OF CHRIST HANGING FROM THE CROSS.

HE DOESN'T STOP TO CONSIDER THAT ALL NEARLY-NAKED PEOPLE, MALE AND FEMALE, AROUSE HIM. ESPECIALLY THE ONES IN THE UNDERWEAR SECTION OF THE SEARS AND JC PENNY'S CATALOG WHICH HIS MOTHER HAS FORBIDDEN HIM TO TOUCH UNLESS SHE'S IN THE ROOM. BUT IT IS THE MEN IN THE PAGES OF THE CATALOG THAT ARE THE SOURCE OF HIS FANTASIES

HAVING A GOOD GUT WRENCHING CRY, HE DOESN'T HEAR THE CHARACTERISTIC SHUFFLE OF THE ONCE VERY HANDSOME, BUT NOW AGING PREACHER APPROACHING. THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF THE PREACHER'S FOOTSTEPS AGAINST THE HARDWOOD FLOORS REACH HIS EARS BUT NEVER REGISTER IN HIS HEAD. A FIRM HAND GRIPS HIS SHOULDER. HE LOOKS UP INTO THE HUGE, DEEP BROWN EYES OF THE PREACHER; THERE HIS PAIN IS REFLECTED.

REACHING INTO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET, THE PREACHER REMOVES 2 NEATLY FOLDED CRISPLY PRESSED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS. ONE HE GIVES TO HIS DISTRAUGHT PARISHIONER, THE OTHER HE USES TO WIPE AWAY THE HUGE BEADS OF SWEAT COVERING HIS FOREHEAD. AS HE BEGINS TO WIPE HIS FACE, HIS SOBS BEGIN TO CEASE. WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, HE NOTICES THE PREACHER'S SIZE 13'S; SUDDENLY THE BOY IS CAPTURED BY A CLICHE:

II. BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT . . .

I. BACK INTO THE GRIPS OF FEAR, HORRIFIED BY HIS OWN DESIRES, THE SMELL OF FORMALDEHYDE PUSHES HIM FURTHER, FURTHER INTO GRIPS OF LUST AND THE ARMS OF THE PREACHER. HE CONFESSES THROUGH TEARS TO THE PREACHER THE SOURCE OF HIS ANGUISH:

II. HELP ME PREACHER. I KEEP THINKING BOUT MEN IN WAYS THAT AIN'T NATURAL AND I KNOW ITS WRONG, CAN'T BE RIGHT, CAN IT PREACHER? HELP ME I'M WEAK.

I. THE PREACHER STANDS THERE WITH BOTH HANDS PLACED FIRMLY ON THE BOY'S SHOULDERS.

III. MY CHILD, MY CHILD, DO NOT BE TROUBLED BY THESE THOUGHTS. THE LORD HOLDS YOU IN HIS ARMS ALWAYS . . .

I. . . . PULLING THE BOY CLOSE TO HIM IN A WARM EMBRACE. LOOKING UP INTO THE BIG, DEEP BROWN EYES . . .

II. WHAT MUST I DO PREACHER?

I. THE PREACHER RELEASES HIM FROM HIS EMBRACE, WALKING OFF TOWARDS HIS STUDY. HE STOPS IN THE AISLE, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS SMALL OFFICE. HE BEGINS HIS SERMON . . .

III. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS JUST NOW, JUST NOW,
III/II. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW . . .

I. THE PREACHER EXTENDS HIS HAND, BECKONING THE BOY TO JOIN HIM IN THE TINY OFFICE. HIS HAND EXTENDS THROUGH THE BOY'S CHEST, CARESSING HIS HEART. THE BLOOD PUMPS FASTER AND FASTER, IT BEATS LOUDER AND LOUDER, UNTIL IT IS THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS. WALKING TOWARDS THE PREACHER, BEING DRAWN IN, CLOSER, CLOSER, HE KEEPS MOVING TOWARDS HIM. HIS FACE IS ON FIRE, HIS BODY IS AFLAME AND HE KEEPS MOVING, MOVING, FOLLOWING THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

THE PREACHER LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN; INSTINCTIVELY THE BOY CLOSES IT AS HE ENTERS THE TINY OFFICE. HE STANDS FACING THE PREACHER, WHO IS SITTING IN AN OLD WOODEN OFFICE CHAIR. THE CHAIR IS TURNED SIDEWAYS SO THAT THEIR EYES MEET EVENLY.

III. FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN, THUS SAID THE LORD. YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU NOT?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND THE LORD HATH MADE ME THE FISHER OF MEN. I CAST OUT MY NET INTO THE SEA OF DESPAIR, AND YOUR SPIRIT I HAVE CAUGHT. WORRY NOT.

II. YES PREACHER.

III. BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED. YOU HAVE BEEN MOURNING, HAVE YOU NOT MY CHILD?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND I SHALL COMFORT YOU.

III. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW
III/II. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW

I. HE LOOSENS THE BELT THAT HOLDS THE OVERSIZED JEANS WELL BELOW THE BOY'S WAIST. HIS PANTS HIT THE FLOOR WITH A LOUD THUD CAUSED BY THE LARGE BRASS BUCKLE ON HIS BELT. HE PULLS HIS BOXERS DOWN SLOWLY, WITH NERVOUS, NERVOUS ANTICIPATION. HE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD, SWEAT POURING PROFUSELY FROM HIS BROW, NOT ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS UTTER DELIGHT AT THE SIZE OF THE FLESH THAT SWINGS GINGERLY BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS.

III. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, FATHER! BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED.

I. HE TAKES THE BOY'S DICK INTO HIS MOUTH, HIS NOSTRILS FILLED WITH THE SWEET SMELL OF PRE-CUM, HIS THROAT FILLED WITH FLESH. HE WORSHIPS THE YOUNG, TENDER FLESH FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, DRUNK WITH LUST AND UNAWARE OF TIME. BUT IS ONLY MINUTES BEFORE THE BOY IS SHOOTING HIS FIRST LOAD DOWN THE PREACHERS THROAT. HE GRABS THE BOY'S BUNS PULLING HIM IN FURTHER. THE BOY SCREAMS!

II. YES, YES, THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT! I SHALL NOT WANT! MY CUP, MY CUP, MY CUP, RUNNETH OVER . . .

I. HE SWALLOWS WILDLY TRYING TO AVOID CHOKING OR BEING STRANGLED BY THE BOY'S ERRATIC AND VIOLENT REACTION TO THIS NEW SENSATION. THE PREACHER TURNS THE BOY AROUND, FALLING FROM HIS CHAIR ON HIS KNEES TO PRAY AT THIS ALTAR THAT IS THE BOY'S BODY. HE PULLS THE BOY'S SHIRT UP TO GET A FULL VIEW OF HIS WELL-MUSCLED ASS CHEEKS. THE BOY SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE AND EXCITEMENT BY GRABBING THE SHIRT HALFWAY UP HIS BACK AND SNATCHING IT OFF. BEFORE HE CAN GET THE SHIRT COMPLETELY OVER HIS HEAD HE FEELS THE WARM SENSATION OF THE PREACHERS TONGUE SLIP UP HIS ASS AS HANDS PULL HIS CHEEKS APART. THE ONLY WORD THAT DOES NOT LEAVE HIS LIPS IS "STOP." AS THE SHIRT IS DISCARDED, THE PREACHER CONTINUES HIS PRAYER BETWEEN THE BOY'S ASS, WORSHIPPING WITH VIGOR, PRESSING HIS FACE DEEPER INTO THE VOLCANIC INSIDES OF THE BOY'S BODY, MASSAGING HIS ANAL WALLS WITH AS MUCH OF HIS TONGUE AS THE BOY'S *NEARLY* VIRGIN ASS WILL ALLOW IN. THE BOY'S BODY RACKS WITH CONVULSIONS AS HE COMES VIOLENTLY FOR THE SECOND TIME. THE PREACHER FALLS ON THE FLOOR AND CRAWLS BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS, LYING ON HIS BACK, OFFERING HIMSELF LIKE A SACRIFICE.

III. CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, SHOWER ME WITH BLESSINGS, YES, YES MY CHILD. RAIN DOWN ON ME.

I. A STEADY, HEAVY, STREAM OF HOT CUM BATHES THE HAIRY CHEST OF THE NOW NEARLY NUDE PREACHER. HE RUBS IT INTO HIS UNDERARMS, THE SHINY DOME OF HIS HEAD, THE WOOLLY RUG ON HIS CHEST. AND FINALLY, HE REACHES DOWN AND UNZIPS HIS PANTS AND MASSAGES THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS WITH ONE HAND WHILE PINCHING

AND SMEARING HIS RIGHT NIPPLE WITH THE BOY'S CUM. THE BOY COLLAPSES ON TOP OF THE PREACHER, THEIR BODIES WET WITH THE SWEAT OF THEIR LABORS, EXCHANGING PRECIOUS HEAT, ONE FROM THE OTHER, BREATHING HEAVILY, CHEST RISING AND FALLING, RISING AND FALLING, RISING AND FALLING. THE PREACHER EMBRACES THE BOY TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS, HAVING RELEASED HIS GRIP ON HIS NOW ERECT PENIS, HE HOLDS HIM AS THOUGH HIS HEART MIGHT STOP BEATING IF HE RELEASED HIM. THE BOY SHIVERS IN DELIGHT. HIS BODY JUMPS WITH SPASMS, SPASMS THAT COME IN WAVES. EACH BREEZE OF AIR THAT ESCAPES INTO THE SMALL ROOM THAT IS THEIR SANCTUARY, CONTINUES TO PUSH HIS BODY INTO NEW AND DELIGHTFUL TERRITORY. THEY REST, HIS CONSTANT ATTENTION AND CARESSING EASING HIS FEAR.

WHEN HE DOES OPEN HIS EYES, HE TERRIFIES THE PREACHER. IN THE SMALL ALMOND-LIKE EYES OF THIS GENTLE, ONCE TERRIFIED CHILD, FEAR NO LONGER RESIDES. ONLY SATISFACTION AND DESIRE ARE THERE. THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN SHAME PUSHES HIM OUT, IN THAT DISTANT CORNER WHERE HE IS HIS OWN WORST ENEMY. HE RISES, LAYING THE BOY GENTLY ON THE FLOOR, STARING UP AT HIM IN BRIGHT EYED WONDER.

III. TURN THEE UNTO ME, AND HAVE MERCY UPON ME; FOR I AM DESOLATE AND AFFLICTED.

I. HE IS STANDING OVER THE BOY, JACKING OFF ROUGHLY. HE IS CONFUSED AND THE LOOK ON HIS FACE SHOWS IT.

III. THE TROUBLES OF MY HEART ARE ENLARGED. O BRING ME OUT OF MY DISTRESS

I. HE PULLS THE SKIN BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH VIOLENTLY. THE BOY STARES WITH CONTEMPT; HE IS NAIVE, NOT A FOOL.

III. LOOK UPON MINE AFFLICTION AND PAIN; AND FORGIVE ALL MY SINS.

I. AS HE BEGINS TO REACH HIS CLIMAX, HE STARTS TO SPEAK IN TONGUES. THE TONE OF HIS VOICE AND THE ANGUISH IN THE GRIMACE ON HIS FACE PROVIDE THE BOY WITH YET ANOTHER ORGASM.

III. CONSIDER MINE ENEMIES, FOR THEY ARE MANY AND THEY HATE ME WITH CRUEL HATRED.

I. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THEIR ORGASMS COLLIDE ON THE BOY'S CHEST. HE WIGGLES AND THRASHES ABOUT WITH DELIGHT--AND CONSTERNATION--AS THE FLUIDS OF THEIR UNCERTAIN DESIRES SHOWER HIM . . . CURSE HIM . . .CLAIM HIM.

III. O KEEP MY SOUL, AND DELIVER ME. LET ME NOT BE ASHAMED, FOR I PUT MY TRUST IN THEE.

II. I PUT MY TRUST IN YOU.

I. HIS EYES MEET THE PREACHER'S WITH DEFIANCE.

III. HEAR MY PRAYER O GOD; GIVE EAR TO THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

II. I WAS WEARY, WANT AND IN NEED OF REST, YOU LET ME LAY MY HEAD UPON YOUR BREAST. I AM YOURS, FOR NOW AND UNTIL THEN.

III. BLESS YOU MY CHILD, I MEANT YOU NO HARM.

II. YET YOU GAVE ME RELEASE FROM MY PAIN FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION AND MOCKED MINE.

III. FORGIVE ME MY CHILD, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

II. TELL ME PREACHER:

II/III. IF YOU HAD SHOWERED ME WITH YOUR BLOOD INSTEAD OF YOUR SEED,

I. WOULD WE BE FREE OF OUR SINS THEN?